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BATH

And ITS ENVIRONS,

A

DESCRIPTIVE POEM,

In THREE CANTOS.

WHEREIN

The Reality, Life, and great Qualities of it's first Founder BLADUD are displayed,—his Figure, as described by the Orator HIMERIUS, delineated;—the Natural History of BATH, as well ancient as modern, and the inimitable Beauty of it's Situation, *Hills, Woods, River, Vales,* and respective *Landscapes*, depicted according to Nature.

THE WHOLE

Interspersed with *Reflections* analogous to the Subject, and illustrated with *explanatory Notes* authenticating the several Historical Traditions from which the Poem is composed.

A GUIDE

As well to NATIVES as STRANGERS, pointing out to them the several Objects *in* and *round* BATH most worthy of Notice.

BATH: PRINTED BY R. CRUTTWELL,

For J. ALMON, opposite Burlington-House, Piccadilly, LONDON;
and W. FREDERICK, in the Grove, BATH.

M DCC LXXV.—Price Two Shillings and Six-Pence.

BATH TON

And its Environs

A

DESCRIPTIVE POEM

IN THREE CANTOS

W H E R E I N

The Reality, Life, and Great Qualities of its first Founder, BLADUD

N. B. This Pamphlet is entered at *Stationer's-Hall*, according to Act of Parliament, and whoever shall presume to print it, without the Appointment of the Author, or whom he may have authorized, will be prosecuted.

Note also, That whatever Impression of it has not the *Figure of BLADUD* on the Back of the Leaf next to the Index, is *spurious* and incorrect.

Interpersed with Remarks analogous to the Subject, and illustrated with
expansive Views, anticipating the several Historical Traditions from
which the Poem is composed.

A C T I O N

As well to Natives as Strangers, pointing out to them the several
Objects in and round Bath most worthy of Notice.

PRINTED BY J. ALMON

For J. ALMON, opposite Stationer's-Hall, in Strand, London.

and W. FREDEMAN, in the Strand.

Price 1s. 6d. per Copy, and Six Pence

THE AUTHOR

TO THE

READER.

THE following poem, written at intervals meerly by way of amusement as an inoffensive expletive of time and not intended for the press, through the earnest sollicitation of some persons, for whose judgment the Author has an esteem, presents itself to the *Publick*. Happy the *Author*, if in the perusal they find as agreeable an entertainment, the sole end of this publication, as he had in the writing of it.

It is a matter of no small surprize that, in an age so devoted to the Muses, *Descriptive* Poetry seems to be scarcely so much as thought upon, and the more so, as to *Poets* as well as *Painters* the Country affords such an engaging variety of scenery and such delightful landscapes; subjects in their nature particularly suited to the talents of a *Poet*. I need not add, that the *descriptive* stile gives a sweet and gentle composure to the mind, whereas the *epic* and *tragic* poem puts the spirits into too great a ferment by the vehemence of their motions. A *poetical description* also gives us often more lively ideas of things than the sight of the things themselves.

In the survey of any object, we have only so much painted on the imagination as comes in at the *eye*; but the *Poet*, by drawing the scene in stronger colours and painting more to the life in his imagery, discovers to us several parts to which either we did not attend, or at least the beauties of whose colours in their full glory and perfection we did not discover, when first we beheld them. It must indeed be admitted, that the *Poet* takes his design and outlines from *Nature*, but then the *colouring*, the *shadows*, and the *lights*, which raise those outlines from their natural flatness to a pleasing roundness and vivacity, so heighten it's beauty and enliven the whole piece, as to raise in the mind numberless ideas that before slept in the imagination. But this effect can arise only in proportion to the *justness* of the description; for no description can be *beautiful*, that is not *just*; and no description can be *just*, that is not founded on *truth*, or at least on that which passeth for truth.

By bringing the images of the *Original* and *Copy* together and comparing the several circumstances of similitude between them, the Author doubts not that the Reader will find himself presented with a *real* Landscape which *Nature* and *Sentiment* have drawn, and not an *Imaginary* one, the bare starts and fallies of a *puerile exuberant fancy*. As a *Description*, he has endeavoured that it should speak in it's proper language—the *unaffected language* of *Nature*; in which his principal ambition has been to preserve *dignity* with *simplicity*; the *first*, without *pride*; and the *latter*, without *meanness*: If, as the very low opinion he entertains of his own abilities suggests to him, he has failed in this great point, he assures the reader that it is an error of the *judgment* not of the *will*; and that, in
however

however great a degree he may have been deficient in *pleasing* the most *judicious*, he has the happiness to know that he has in no degree *given offence* to the most *delicate*, ear.

If in the *Narration*, a part which in the opinion of many requires a plainness and simplicity of style, the Author should be thought to have been too diffusive or too ornamental, he persuades himself that he shall be the more easily pardoned, when they recollect that ARISTOTLE has laid it down as a rule,—“*to lavish all the ornaments of diction on the weak inactive parts of the dead pieces of Nature, as it is the scene of the principal action;*” for by this means the imagination, being kept awake by the most agreeable motion, is warmed with the objects presented, and entertained with a thousand different views of *Nature* and *Art*, which, while they *fail not to terminate on the principal object*, raise innumerable beauties from the most *barren*, and give the greatest novelty to the most *common*, subjects: Like the *Drapery* of a *Portrait*, which, at the same time that it embellishes the *Picture*, does not in the least diminish the just likeness of the *Face*.

If the introduction of *Speeches* in a Poem, the general scope of which from the title of it seems to have been limited to a meer description of *Nature*, should be thought by some to be incongruous with the plan of it, they will consider that the several speeches naturally arise out of the sentiments of persons in such a situation, and are entirely conformable to the characters and times in which the Speakers lived and acted: An observation which serves no less to account for the Author's adoption of the *Mythology* of the *Antients* in a modern poem; for, tho' the altars of *Paganism*

nism for many ages have been thrown down, and their temples no longer held sacred, yet the Reader will observe, that the scenes of action arose at a time when the *Pagan* system was sanctified by popular belief; and, therefore, without a piece of machinery of that kind, he could not in a striking manner or with just propriety have celebrated any *remarkable* circumstance, or heightened any *common* one.

The Author is not unaware that the *Fautors* of *Jingle*, who suppose that the *excellence* of poetry consists in *numbers* and *rhyme*, and

‘ Those *Word-catchers* who live on syllables,’ POPE.

may possibly carp at the want of a *chaste unison* in the termination of some few lines in this poem; but such *pseudo-critics* will, he hopes, pardon him if he presume to assert that RHYME, however necessary the present *fashion* of taste in poetry may have made it, is *in fact* but a *vulgar* art, a mean and low accomplishment, and a *superficial* part that can claim no share in the *essence* of Poetry, but was introduced by ignorant barbarous nations, whose *manners* were as uncivilized as their *language* was rude and unharmonious. Even the *harmony* of NUMBERS is added to Poetry, not as *essential* to that art, but as a kind of ornament to recommend it: This is ARISTOTLE’S opinion, which he founds upon this reason, that “ *if any one would turn HERODOTUS into verse, it would notwithstanding still be an History; and, on the other hand, if any one would put the Iliads of HOMER into prose, it would, however, effectually remain a Poem.*” The force and energy of a true *poetical enthusiasm*, conveyed in a glowing colouring of language and perfect harmony of numbers, is so much above the

the meanness of *Rhyme*, that *Rhyme* rather debases and enervates than gives any real beauty and strength to a Poem. This *Tyranny* of *Rhyme*, that obliges the Poet to *tag* (if I may be allowed the expression) his lines with the *jingle* of two words of the same sound, hath been the cause of many, not inconsiderable, errors in some of the best of our Poets, not only in *fettering* the *fancy* and *cramping* the *sense* but often in *spoiling* the *diction*; instances of which now before me (would it not be tedious in this place) I could give from *Cowley*, *Waller*, and *Dryden*; men eminent for the correctness of their style, and masters of the *English* language. That I may not seem singular in this my idea of *Rhyme*, I will take leave to refer the reader to the words of SHEFFIELD D. of BUCKINGHAM, in his Essay on Poetry;

“ *Rhyme* is a *vulgar* art,”

and to those lines of Lord ROSCOMMON in his Essay on translated Verse,

“ Of *many* faults *Rhyme* is perhaps the cause;

“ Too *strict* to *Rhyme* we slight more useful laws.

It may be thought perhaps not improper here to observe to the Reader, that he may probably find his entertainment (if *any* he finds in the perusal of this poem) enlarged, by carrying in his eye that the landscapes, therein *attempted* to be drawn, begin upon the *Avon* at the bottom of *Chatham-Row* with the view directed to the *Abbey*, which with *Beach-Cliff* or *Beachen-Cliff* hanging over it terminates the first prospect; from whence the Author proceeds *Westward* in a curve line, and so on *Northward* till he returns with the Sun to the *Abbey*, at which point the Description ends.

THE

THE Author could not but think himself guilty of injustice to the memory of the *late* Mr. Wood, were he not to acknowledge that in this his investigation of the Antiquities of *Bath*, he has been greatly assisted by Mr. *Wood's* no less ingenious than laborious treatise, entitled, "*An Essay toward a Description of BATH:*" Nor does he think himself less obliged to the politeness of the *present* Mr. Wood for the *Copper-plate* of the figure and attire of BLADUD, which *Himerius* the Orator, cotemporary with him, describes in the following words: "ABARIS the Sage
 " was by birth an *Hyperborean*, became a *Grecian* in speech, and was a
 " *Scythian* in habit and appearance; he came to *Athens* holding a bow,
 " having a quiver hanging from his shoulders; his body wrapt up in a
 " chlamys girt about his loins with a gilded belt, and wearing trow-
 " sers reaching from his waist to the soles of his feet." A description which, to do justice to the delineation of Mr. *Hoar*, calls upon me to recommend to the reader a comparison of the copper-plate with it.

BATH

THE BATHING PLACE

THE BATHING PLACE

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THE BATHING PLACE

THE BATHING PLACE



BLADUD,
To whom the GRECIANS gave the Name of
ABARIS.

BATH, and it's Environs.

I N

T H R E E C A N T O S.

I N S C R I B E D T O T H E

Q U E E N.

*Soft are my Numbers,—Who can take offence,
While pure DESCRIPTION holds the place of sense?
“ But should REVIEWERS draw their venal quill?”
I'll wish the men a dinner and sit still:
Yet, if less partial Criticks come abroad,
If wrong, I'll smile; if right, Ill kiss the rod.*

POPE.

BATH, and its Environs.

I N

T H R E E C A N T O S

I N S C R I B E D T O T H E

Q U E E N V.

But see my Number,--The can take notice

What four Description holds the place of page?

But should Reviewers draw their sword point

I'll fight the one a duelist and the other

For, if the partial Critics come abroad,

I'll show 'em I'll hold it right, I'll fight the red

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C A N T O I.

T O T H E

Q U E E N.

ILLUSTRIOUS PATRONESS of ARTS! O! hear,
 And to the Muse vouchsafe a gracious ear;
 Shield with thy pow'rful smiles her infant lays!
 Thy smiles will charm the *Critick* into praise.
 O! could I tune the numbers of my song,
 Sweet as thy temper, as thy judgment strong,
 PROMETHEUS-like,^(a) my muse should boldly rise,
 And *steal her fire* from thy inspiring eyes;

Sing

(a) *Prometheus* is said to have been the first inventor of images, from whence it is probable that the fable of his forming the shape of a man, in clay, and *stealing fire from heaven* to animate it, took birth.

Sing how, since first YOU grac'd BRITANNIA's seat
 Supremely lovely and serenely great,
 Thy heav'nly Virtues with such lustre shone,
 They beam'd new glories round our *Monarch's* throne;
 Parties, in rapture lost, contend no more,
 But with *one* pious zeal, unknown before,
 The QUEEN of all her people's HEARTS adore.

THUS, if *Sol* gild with roseate beams the morn,
 And with his smiles th' enliven'd East adorn,
 No longer silent in her humble nest
 The LARK adjusts the plumage of her breast,
 Warbling her tuneful notes she soars to Heav'n,
 As if from Heav'n alone such notes were giv'n.

Shall

Shall COOPER'S Hill with DENHAM'S Muse resound,
 Her brow with never-fading laurels crown'd ?
 Shall WINDSOR Forest wave with PINDUS' bays,
 Immortaliz'd by POPE'S unequall'd lays? 25
Parnassian flow'rs shall *Laureat*^(a) WHITEHEAD bring,
 And deck with garlands BRISTODUNA'S^(b) Spring?
 And shall thy Hills, O! BATH, neglected lye?
 Shall CLA'ERTON,^(c) SOLSBURY,^(c) MARS,^(c) BADONCA,^(c) die? }
 Forbid it, Muse! forbid Obscurity! 30 }
 Tho' mould'ring to decay, their fame retrieve;
 Awake, and bid forgotten Æras live. But

(a) An epithet used by way of distinction betwixt Mr. *W. Whitehead* the poet laureat, (author of a very ingenious poem entitled "*an Hymn to the Nymph of Bristol-Spring*") and Mr. *Paul Whitehead*, an elegant satirist of high reputation.

(b) A name made use of in the above-mentioned Hymn for *Bristol Spring*, commonly denominated the *Hotwells*, or *St. Vincent's Spring*, as the *Rock* near it is called *St. Vincent's Rock* from a fabulous account that *St. Vincent* resided there.

(c) The names of some of the principal Hills encircling *Bath*.

But O! thou GOD OF VERSE, whate'er thy name,
 APOLLO, PHOEBUS, SOL, alike thy fame!

Deign Thou to smile! with thy celestial fire 35

Attune my numbers, and my Muse inspire;

Strengthen her trembling pinions in her flight,

That, fledg'd by thee, she tow'r to PINDUS^(a) height.

If too luxuriant, prune her genial vine,

Cut ev'ry wild excrescence from each line, 40

And teach her docile branches where to twine.

Then shall thy SOLSBURY^(b) eccho with thy name,

And ev'ry babe shall liſp *Apollo's* fame. BATH,

(a) An allegorical emblem or allusive picture of that perfection to which every Poet is ambitious, tho' few, very few, capable of attaining. *Pindus* is a very high mountain in *Arcadia*, (a country bordering on *Theſſaly* and *Macedonia* in *Greece*) which the ancient poets mention as having been sacred to the *Muses*.

(b) *Solsbury* (not *Salisbury* as it has been vulgarly called by the ignorant from the resemblance in form which they suppose it to bear to *Old Salisbury* in *Wilts*) is a hill situate betwixt *Bacon* hill and *Kingsdown* hill, upon which the Temple built by *Bladud*, and dedicated to *Apollo*, stood, as related by *Dr. Gale* in his *Commentary* on *Antoninus's Itinerary*.

BATH, once the idol of a nation's hearts,
 The feat of empire,^(a) and the nurse of arts,^(b) 45
 When BLADUD guided sea-girt BRITAIN's helm,
 And *greatness* held the sceptre of the realm,
 Thy scenes I sing:—For thee my notes I raise,
 The first in duty, tho' the last in praise.
Auspicious fountain, from whose rocky fides 50
 Health gushes, and the pow'r of Death derides! So

(a) Alluding to *Bladud's* having removed the seat of empire in *Britain* to *Bath*, as soon as he became *King* of *Britain* upon the death of his father *King Lud*, which happened 483 years before Christ. After the line of *Bladud* became extinct in the person of *King Porcas*, the kingdom became a scene of civil war under no less than five competitors, till *Dunwalla* reduced it under his dominion, and restored to it's ancient state the kingdom; and the city of *Bath*, by the name it then bore of *Trinovantum*, became again the capital seat of the *British* Kings, as we are assured by the author of the *British* History, b. the 3d. cap. the 20th.

(b) *Bale* and several other writers, having for their author *Marlyn* of *Ca-ledon*, tell us that *King Bladud*, after his return from *Greece*, planted a University at *Stamford*, now called *Stanton-drue*, and appointed learned men, who professed the liberal sciences, to teach them to his subjects—At *Harp-tree*, was a College of *Paets*—at *Exmore*, one of *Prophets*—at *Marlborough-Down*, one of *Philosophers*—and on *Salisbury-Plain*, one of *Druids*.

So great thy Cures, that *Luxury* can't give
 More dreadful maladies than thy streams relieve!
 Salubrious streams, to which my health I owe,
 Which brace the nerves, and give the blood to flow, 55
 Whose *pectoral* SULPHUR and *deobstruent* STEEL
 Mixing ferment, and teach thy springs to boil.^(a)

Yon' Row the *Muse's* point of view shall claim;
 A Row, distinguish'd by the *Patriot's* name —
 CHATHAM, the *Saviour* of a *sinking* state, 60
 Who rescued BRITAIN from the jaws of fate,
 And, while immortal Laurels wreath'd his brow,
 Retir'd,^(b) like *Cincinnatus*,^(c) to the plough,
 Disdaining his *lov'd country* to enthrall,
 Great in his *rise*, but *greater* in his *fall*. 65

(a) Various as the opinions of many learned men in respect to the *cause* of the heat and ebullition of the *Bath* waters have been, it appears demonstratively obvious in the preparation of *mars sulphuratus*.

(b) When he was no longer permitted to *guide* at the *helm* of government with honour to his country and to himself.

(c) A *Roman* Senator who, when his country was in the most imminent danger of being overrun by neighbouring nations, was called up from the plough to the *dictatorship*, and after having vanquished all her enemies, returned to his retirement.

AVONIA, lovely stream! attend my song,
 And stop thy currents as they pass along,
 Whether they smoothly glide amid' the plains,
 Or foeth the list'ning sense with murm'ring strains,
 Or feed the flow'rs that on thy borders grow, 70
 In easy curves mæandring as they flow,
 Stop them, to listen to my humble lays!
 Listen, AVONIA! listen to thy praise!
 Had I but DENHAM's^(a) muse thy scenes to paint,
 (Too weak *my* pencil, and *my* tints too faint,) 75
 Then should thy streams with radiant brightness shine,
 And THAMES's fav'rite views submit to *thine*;
 To *thine*, where *Taste* resides; like *Beauty*, sweet;
 Like *Nature*, various; and like *Art*, complete. Let

(a) Author of the before-mentioned Poem, entitled *Cooper's Hill*, in
 which are these inimitable lines, addressed to the river *Thames*:

Oh! could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
 My great example, as thou art my theme;
 Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull;
 Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

Let Poets lavish their *Parnassian* store 80
 On THAMES, on ARNO,^(a) or on TIBUR's^(b) shore;
 Nor THAMES, nor ARNO, nor can TIBUR boast
 A fairer prospect or more fertile coast.
 Copiously issuing from adjacent hills,
 Here o'er the pebbles wind the gurgling rills, 85
 Wantonly hasting thy embrace to meet
 In murm'ring numbers, musically sweet.^(c)
 There the streams rush a-down the steep cascades^(d)
 In torrent raptures thro' the list'ning meads,
 Wave rolling after wave, run tumbling o'er, 90
 With foaming surges swell, and lash the founding shore;
 Then, smoothly spreading to a chrystal plain,
 In serpent error drag their humid train,

(a) A river in Italy near *Florence*.

(b) A river running near *Rome*;—both of them celebrated by HORACE and other poets.

(c) These which are almost innumerable issue from the hills round *Bath*, but are more particularly entertaining to the ear in the walk leading from *Widcomb* or the late Mr. *Allen's* seat to *Bath*.

(d) There are several natural cascades about *Bath*; but the most remarkable are, that below yet almost adjoining to the *New-Bridge*, and another above the bridge in that part of the river that runs under *Hampton Hill*.

So clear, ev'n *buildings* in thy face are seen,
 And trees reflected, paint the waves with green,^(a) 95
 No sudden squalls of wind blow near thy shore,
 No angry billows break, no tempests roar;
 But *whisp'ring Zephyrs* gently 'round us play,
 Fan quiv'ring *Poplars*, cool the sultry day,
 And waft our barge as o'er thy waves she rides, 100
 The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides.
 Sailing — the voice of musick soothes our cares,
 Whose magic sounds enchant th' enraptur'd ears:
 Hark! — the *French-horns* the vocal woods awake,
 And teach the pendant rocks and hills to speak, 105
 While doubly — trebly — all our barge around,
 The mimick *eccho* mocks the dying sound.

The
 (a) As you sail in a boat or walk on the banks of the river down the
 stream toward the *Abbey*, the reflection of the *Abbey* and of the Buildings
 adjoining to the *New-bridge*, as also of the *trees* growing on the banks of
 the river, is very lively and no less beautiful.

The birds salute us as we pass along,
 And with melodious notes attune their song:
 And well their warblings with the musick suit, 110
 When CASSIA's voice adds sweetness to the flute.
 Train'd by my care, and nurur'd by my hand,
 Two silver *Cygnets* swim to my command,
 And, arching their proud necks, in lofty state
 Sail round our barge, and row with oary feet; 115
 Strangers to Courts, unconversant with art,
 They speak the genuine language of the heart,
 In pleasing notes their gratitude display,
 And teach the *Brute*, call'd MAN, that moral lay.^(a)

But stop! and view yon' rev'rend ABBEY rise,^(b)
 And rear it's Gothic turrets to the skies.
 Where *Simple Elegance* and *Grandeur* meet,
 Sublimely fair, majestically sweet, 120

^(a) If we seriously form a judgment of mankind from their actions in many circumstances, we cannot but be of opinion with that ancient and no less admired philosopher, who says: "*Homo est non tam rationale animal quàm ratione capax*," man cannot so properly be deem'd a *Rational Being*, as a *Being capable of Reason*.

^(b) The reader will observe that the view of the *Abbey* (as here described) is taken on the water on the *north* side of that building.

A pleasing awe into the mind infuse,
Magnificently bound our aqueous views,
And, as along thy winding banks we pass,
Reflect it's image in the liquid glass.

Next MARS's hill,^(a) the *Beach-cliff* of these daies, 125
Excites our wonder and demands our praise,
Where HYPERBOREANS^(b) sacrificed to Mars,
To guard the nation from the rage of wars.
It's steep ascending *cliff* with pain we scale,
Which gives to fight the river, town, and vale,^(c) 130
And cloth'd with wood that circles round it's brow,
Adds a new beauty to the scene below. O

^(a) The hill, that rises behind and stands above the *Abbey* from the river, was once called *Camelodunum*, from *Camolos* one of the names of the the *British* God of War; tho' it's original name was *Blake-leigh*, now called *Beach* or *Beachen-cliff* from the narrowness of the beach between the *cliff* and the river.

^(b) The *Britons* in those ancient times bore the name of *Hyperboreans* in *Greece* and other foreign countries, as a people inhabiting the furthest part of the *North*, from whence the name is derived.

^(c) This vale from the winding form of it was called by the *Britons* *TROY-NOVANT* (i. e.) the *turning vale*; and from it's being skreened on on all sides with hills, it had the appellation of *NANT TURPIN*, or the *warm vale*.

O THOU, whom *all things in this world obey*,
Man, Beast, Bird, Season, Weather, ev'n the *Sea*,
 Who, in thy *wexing horns* or in thy *wane*, 135
 Now swell'st the tides, now call'st them back again!
 When zealous crouds from ignorance adore,
 And still, the less the know, they fear the more,
 'Ere *Truth* first beam'd her rays upon the mind,
 What wonder, say, that thou should'st vot'ries find? 140
 That *fires, unceasing*, should emblaze the air,
 And to thy fame their wreathing honours bear?
 That *Fanes* should rise to thee, and *Altars* bleed,
 Where fair BADONCA^(a) lifts her cloud-capp'd head?
 Whose *beauteous* views MILTON alone could trace; 145
 Did I say "*beauteous*"? — They are BEAUTY's face.

What

(a) LANSDOWN is the *modern*, and BADONCA the *ancient* name of this hill; the latter being a compound of the words *Bath* and *Onca*, which last was used by the ancients to express the Moon; to whom *Bladud* caused a Temple to be erected on this hill, in which he kept continual fires and named the hill BADONCA. Remains of this temple were lately to be seen on the summit. — *Solinus Polynhister*, speaking of this temple, says, "in which there are continual fires which never turn to embers."

What dire effects from *civil* discord flow,
 This hill records, sad monument of woe!
 When CROMWELL rais'd *Rebellion's* black alarms,
 And *British* valour bled by *British* arms, 150
 To glut the Raven when *Friends* by *Friends* fell,
 And fatten'd with their blood the thirsty soil,
 Gnashing their teeth and just expiring curst
Fanatick fury and *rebellious* lust,
 Then, pining, sunk with anguish to the grave, 155
 As REBELS, *Traitors*; tho' as SOLDIERS, brave;
 Thy arm, O GRANVILLE, taught his growing pride,
 That "*Man's but Man*;" — and VICTO'RY chang'd her side;
 In crimson streams thou mad'st destruction run,
 And 'midst the death of thousands met'st thy own; 160
Thy own thou met'st — with too much ardor fir'd;
 The *Hero* conquer'd, but the *man* expir'd,^(a)
Virtue's great ornament, firm *Loylty's* proof,
 His *Monarch's* glory, and his *Soldier's* love,

Who

^(a) Lord Clarendon, speaking of this battle, saith, "*In this battle, on
 " the King's part, there were more officers and gentlemen of quality slain, than
 " common men; and more hurt than slain: But that, which would have clouded
 " any victory, and made the loss of others less spoken of, was the death of Sir
 " BEVIL GRANVILLE.*" He died on the 5th of July 1643, yet con-
 quered, fighting in the royal cause at this battle.

Who rais'd a *barrow*^(a) o'er his sacred corse, 165
 And, in *their own*, thus mourn'd the publick loss:^(b)
 "When after-ages shall record thy name,
 "Light lie this earth! immortal be thy fame!
 "This last sad mark of our esteem receive!
 "'Tis all a *Soldier*, all a *Friend* can give." 170
 What! tho' the monu'ment, to his memo'ry rais'd,^(c)
 By time hangs mould'ring, and it's lines defac'd,
 Yet shall his worth that weak support supply;
 While *Britain* lives, *his fame* can never die.
 Nobles and Foreigners there oft repair 175
 To' inhale *BADONCA's health-inspiring*^(d) air;
 Live o'er his valour, yet lament his doom,
 And scatter laurels 'round the *Hero's* tomb.

(a) Where the monument now stands, was formerly a *Barrow*, which, Tradition has handed down to us as raised by *his soldiers* on the spot *where* and at the time *when* he fell.

(b) *Clarendon* gives this character of him: "He was indeed an excellent person, and his temper and affection was so publick, that no accident which happened made any impression upon him; and his example kept others from taking any thing ill, or at least to do so: In a word, a brighter courage and a gentler disposition were never married together, to make the most chearful innocent conversation."

(c) This monument was erected by the direction, from the design, and at the expence of, *George Lord Lansdown*, grandson of *Sir Bevil*, in the year 1720, but from want of care of late years in the preservation of it, as well as from the inscription having been very slightly engraved at first, it is going to ruin, and the inscription scarcely, if at all, legible.

(d) *Mr. Wood*, speaking of the healthiness of the situation of *Lansdown*, says: "Lately, we could see an inhabitant in every house so very old, that their ages upon an average amounted to upwards of 90 years."

View BEACON-hill,^(a) whose steep high craggy head
 Looks dreadful down upon the leff'ning mead, 180
 Whose sides, impervious, all access denies,
 Mocks the strain'd step, and dims the dizzy eyes;
 The dizzy eyes start from the depth below,
 And shadowy vapours swim across the brow.
 But, tho' it's *rocks* in dreadful pomp arise, 185
 And with their *desart*-cliffs deform the skies,
 Cast but your eyes *around* the craggy pile,
 The *rocks* seem lovely and the *desarts* smile;
 The bursting prospect spreads intense to sight,
 And still variety gives new delight. 190
 See on it's top yon' BELVIDERE^(b) arise,
 Whence a new *Tempe* opens to the eyes,
Hills, Rivers, Woods, Lawns, Churches, Vallies, shows,
 And with a beautiful confusion glows.

(a) This Hill in the more early times was esteemed to be part of *Mons Badonca*; yet from the use which in later times was made of it in lighting large fires upon its summit, to give notice to the country of the approach of an enemy or other imminent danger, like *Beacons to direct mariners at sea*, it has immemorially been considered as a separate, distinct hill, and bore the name of *Beacon* hill.

(b) A *Belvidere* erected on the highest point of this hill by, and belonging to, Mr. Hooper.

Here,^(a) when the SAXON in a pristine age 195
 O'er-ran this land with war's destructive rage,
 Deaf to the voice of *Truce* and *Honour's* laws,
 Rash without courage, hostile without cause;
 Fir'd with resentment at such foul deceit,
 Indignant ARTHUR stood prepar'd for fight; 200
 But, tho' indignant, *Piety* possess'd
 His soul, and first the *Gods* he thus address'd:
 "Hear me, O HEAV'N! *if* in your bright abode,
 "Whose eyes survey men's crimes, *there is a GOD,*
 "(And, that *there is*, NATURE — all, all attest) 205
 "Such *flagrant perfidy* must stand confest,
 "Nor stand *unveng'd*; or we in vain adore,
 "In vain thro' skies vindictive thunders roar. "Then

(a) "This Hill is remarkable for having been the scene of action in
 "the defeat of the Saxons, who, in breach of treaty made between King
 "*Arthur* and them, had besieged *Bath* in or about the year of *Christ* 520;
 "and, being surprized, they betook themselves to *Beacon* hill, and were
 "slain in great numbers." *Camden* 89. Other Historians relate that not
 one of the Saxons escaped.

“ Then hear, *Almighty* JOVE! the bolts are thine.

“ Oh! may the *guilty* perish at thy shrine! 210

“ May justice overwhelm them, like a flood;

“ And fate record their treach’ry in their blood!”

He said, and bad to charge: — On *either* hand,

He fights to keep, and *they* to gain the land.

Hov’ring a while suspended VICTO’RY hangs, 225

Now rais’d by shouts, now sunk by slaughter’s pangs;

Till ARTHUR’s merits all her smiles engage;

Rage strings his sinews, *justice* fires his rage.

The *Saxon* troops, encompass’d all around,

Groan with their wounds, and gasp upon the ground; 220

One gen’ral scene of blood and carnage reigns,

And AVON’s currents blush with crimson stains.

Vengeance, like *Blood-hounds*, perfidy pursues,

For not a *Saxon* liv’d to tell the news.

“Then hear, Almighty Jove! the bolts are thine.
“Oh! may the angry peals of thy thunder
“May justice overwhelm them, like a flood;
“And late record their treachery in their blood!”
He said, and bad to charge—On either hand
He fights to keep, and tries to gain the land,
Hov’ring a while suspended Victor’s flag,
Now raised by those, now sunk by lightning’s power;
Till Arthur’s merits all her failings engage;
Rage stings his lungs, justice fires his rage,
The Saxon troops encompass’d all around,
Groan with their wounds, and gasp upon the ground;
One general scene of blood and carnage reigns,
And Avon’s currents black with crimson stain.
Vengeance, like blood-hounds, perilsly pursues,
For not a Saxon liv’d to tell the news.

C A N T O II.

HAIL, GOD *of* LIGHT, whose ever-cheerful ray 225
 Dispers the gloom of night, reveals the day,
 And glads the earth with all-creating fway;
 The world's vast eye; of light the source serene;
 Who see'st all things, thro' whom all things are seen;
 From whom the seasons spring, by whom they glide; 230
 CREATION'S *Parent,—Nurse,—Protector,—Guide!*
 Well might the PAGAN, whose untutor'd mind
Scripture ne'er open'd, *Science* ne'er refin'd,
 Who, as the *Priest* directed, learn'd to pray,
 By *Superstition's* errors led astray, 235
 Who weigh'd *opinion* in the scale of *sense*,
 Mistake their *God*, and think *thee* PROVIDENCE.^(a) Hence

(a) The two principal *Gods* worshipped by the *Britons* were the SUN and the MOON; as the only celestial bodies visible to them, and to whose influence they were apparently obliged, esteeming them (according to Mr. Sammes) as the *King* and *Queen* of *Heaven*.—As the *Sun* and *Moon* enabled them—to compute time—to know when to sow and plant, and when to reap and gather, &c. &c., can it be matter for wonder, that, in those times of ignorance, meditating upon the motions and influence of those bodies, they worshipped them as the *supreme Gods*? Especially APOLLO, whom they worshipped above all other Gods, ascribing to him the highest honours, daily singing songs to his praise, esteeming him as a God, whose *quality* was *divination*, and whose *musick* was the *harmony* of the spheres; imploring him with sacrifices, and with like sacrifices returning him thanks, as the Author of every beneficial thing they gathered from the earth.

Hence to thy praise they *chanted uncooth verse*;
 Hence stile'd thee *Parent of the Universe*;
 Hence *sacrifices* smoke'd upon thy shrine;^(a) 240
 And SOLSBURY hill confess'd thy pow'r divine.^(b)
 When *Delphian* oracles were now no more,^(c)
 By BLADUD brought to the' *Hyperborean* shore,^(d) On

(a) This ceremony we find recorded by *Homer* when he describes the sacrifice offered by *Chryses* and the *Grecians* to *Apollo*:

Οἱ δὲ πανημέριοι μολπῇ θεὸν ἱλασκοντο
 Καλὸν αἰδόντες παικονα κῆροι Ἀχαιῶν
 Μέλποντες ἱκαεργον.

I. L. 11. v. 473.

In English thus:—All day in moving sounds the Grecians sing,
 And ecchoing woods with Io PÆANS ring,
 To win the God to' accept their offering. }

(b) On this hill, which *he* called *Sol* (the *Sun*) to whom he dedicated it, he also built the Temple described in note (a) in the next page; when the Saxons came into *Britain* they added *Bury* to the ancient name it bore of *Sol*, from the use to which they applied the hill, BURY in the *Saxon* language importing a fortification or entrenchment of which the place retains marks.

(c) This oracle in *Juvenal's* time appears to have been forsaken.

—— Delphis oracula cessant.——*Juv. 6. Sat. v. 554.*

And *Lucan* saith, that it had ceased a long time before the battle of *Pharsalia*.

—— Non ullo secula dono
 Nostra carent majore Deum, quàm Delphica Sedes
 Quòd filuit. *Lucan. lib. 5.*

(d) In confirmation of which *Claudian* tells us:

—— Pulcher *Apollo*
 Lustrat *Hyperboreas*, Delphis cessantibus, aras.

And *Suidas*, *Diodorus*, and other writers, say that *Bladud*, or (as he was called in *Greece*) *Abaris*, had written a book concerning *APOLLO's Oracles* καὶ, ἀφ' ἧν ὑπερβορέας (i. e.) and removal to the *Hyperboreans*.

On this, *now naked* hill, a *Fane* he rais'd
 To thee, the *God supreme* by *Britons* prais'd, 245
 Plann'd in the *Octo-monopterick* stile,
 Model of that which grace'd the *Delphian* Isle.^(a)

Next view yon' cloud-envelop'd *KINGSDOWN* rise,
 As if it threat'ned to invade the skies,
 Till, less'ning by degrees, it's turgid brow 250
 Sinks to a level in the dale below,
 Whose more than *Roman Fosse*, thro' rocks cut through,
 Declares what labour and expence can do.

Not far-hence *FARLEIGH-hill* erects its brow,
 And frowns, or seems to frown, on meads below; 255
 By half-starv'd sheep it's sterile herbage fed,
 A group of *Elm-trees* crowns it's towering head,
 Which, if tradition credit not beguiles,
 Stand a clear *land-mark*, seen full *thirty* miles.

(a) An *Octo-stile monopterick* Temple was erected over the *oracular* cave at *Delphi*, and the prospect or outward appearance of that belonging to *Apollo* in the *Hyperborean* island (as *Diodorus Siculus* writes) was the same, and (according to *Eristhenes*) composed of pillars which *Ovid* seems to confirm:

Regia solis erat sublimibus alta columnis. *Ovid. Met.*

(See also *Vetruvius* in his preface to his 7th book.) A model of this temple, formed from the best accounts given by ancient *Greek* and *Roman* Authors, is erected in a Garden at the bottom of *Chatham-Row*.

Curse on NOL's^(a) memory, whose *civil war*, 260
 Big with fanatic fraud and massacre,
 Wildly burst forth, from *Loy'ly's* fetters freed,
 And, stain'd with *treason*, rear'd it's guilty head!
Brothers with *brothers*, *sons* with *fires* engage'd,
 And with unnatu'ral fury PARTY rage'd. 265
 As BASSET,^(b) *Cla'erton's* Lord, near his fire sat,
 Safe (as he thought) from harm, in friendly chat,
 Old NOL a cannon-ball fire'd from this place,
 Which whizz'd around his head and pierc'd the *chimney-piece*;
 The *chimney-piece* ev'n now this mark retains. 270
 Of *Heav'n's* protection and of *War's* remains.

Near HAMPTON's Verge, embosom'd in a shade,
 Close to the murmurs of a soft cascade,^(c)
 A Cottage stands, in which WOOD^(d) claim'd no part,
 The work of *Nature*, unadorn'd by art; 275
 A cottage suited to the owner's state;
 Tho' small, convenient; and, tho' plain, yet neat. No

(a) *Oliver Cromwell*, by way of nickname often called *Noll* and *Old Noll*.

(b) Sir *William Basset*, at that time Lord of the Manor of *Cla'erton* or *Claverton* with whom Sir *Edward Hungerford* and other Gentlemen dined at the time of that incident. Wood.

(c) Behind, but close to the cottage, a Cascade falls constantly, as well in summer as winter.

(d) The late Mr. *Wood*, whose fame, as an *Architect*, will never be forgotten while the name of *Bath* exists.

No fretted cornices, no vaulted room,
 Disguise the *artless neatness* of this dome
 Which sweet *Content* adorns: Within this cell 280
 A pair, like BAUCIS and PHILEMON,^(a) dwell.
 No wrangling jars their heart-felt pleasures damp,
 But HYMEN feeds their clear unclouded lamp,
 Still waves his purple wings, and fans the flame
 Of *mutual harmony*; — BULLOCK their name. 285

Plain

(a) An *old Man* and his *Wife* remarkably distinguished for their *hospitality* and *connubial happiness*; but more particularly, for having been the only persons in all the country who would entertain *Jupiter* and *Mercury* on their excursion into *Phrygia*; which they did in so hospitable, though homely, a manner, that *Jupiter*, having resolved to destroy the country for the boorish behaviour of its inhabitants, bad his *Host* and *Hostess* to follow him; when, being led to an adjacent hill, they beheld all the country swallow'd up except *their Cottage*, which was immediately afterwards turned into a Temple and (according to some authors) was by those Gods denominated the *Temple of Hospitality*. Upon this *Jupiter*, having asked them what requital for their so singular curtesy would be most agreeable to them, they desired only that “*they might be made Priests of that Temple, and when they died, might DIE TOGETHER,*” which was granted. (See Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.) No uninstruative lesson this of conduct in the *domestick* and *cannubial* scenes of life.

Plain is their food, the product of their fields;
 Such as their *garden* or their *orchard* yields;
 Such as in milky nutriment distills
 From *cows*, which in full streams their milk-pail fills.
 Sleep leaves their eyes soon as the opening dawn 290
 Swells in the *dew-drops* that impearl the lawn,
 And the first streaks of morn break o'er the mead,
 With blushes, like a *ruffled maid*, o'erspread.
 E're *Sol's* refulgent beams begin to glow,
 Inspiring health and quick'ning all below,
 They milk their cows in some green flow'ry mead,
 And shrug with silent joy to see them feed; 295
 And, at the noon-tide, from some bow'r below
 Eye their *sheep* cropping the hill's thymous brow,
 Which yield their annual tribute to his gain
 In lambs and fleeces, whitening all the plain.
 And, when the sun shoots forth a feeble ray, 300
 And dew in tears laments declining day,
 They taste sound sleep, stranger to *statesmen's* eyes,
 Till on yon' eastern hill *Aurora* rise.
Thrice happy pair! whose hours glide smoothly on
 In blissful rounds, unknowing and unknown. 305

Here

Here oft I bid the busy world adieu,
 And the true joys of calm retirement view;
 Muse o'er some book, or trifle o'er the tea,
 Or with soft musick charm dull care away;
 Perhaps I saunter to some cooling shade, 310
 Drawn by the nat'ral fall of the *cascade*,
 Where purling rills, that o'er the pebbles play,
 Invite to slumber the half closing eye.
 The *cows* with swelling udders ready stand,
 Low for the pail, and court the *milk-maid's* hand, 315
 As if they meant to tempt th' insatiate taste
 With *syllabub*,^(a) that flow'r of rural feast:
 And, as we down the silver AVON sail,
 Fann'd by the *zephyrs* of the evening-gale,
 The *French-horn* airs, like the *stream*, flow along, 320
 Now sweetly soft, and now sublimely strong.

O! SOLITUDE,

(a) A circumstance too trifling to be mentioned in any thing that claims the name of a *Poem*, but that it makes generally a part of a rural entertainment which was intended to be described here, and without which, as it more particularly respects this place, the description would be imperfect.

O! SOLITUDE, my best, my earliest choice; —
 Foe to the *pomp* of Courts, to Routs, and Noise,
 To FASHION, monster of *Hydræan* race,
 Harpy of *beauty*, *decency* and *grace*, 325
Debauchery's patent, *Folly's* sanctuary,
Nature's distortion, bawd of *modesty*! —
 In thee what pleasures open to my view,
 Pleasures for ever sweet, for ever new,
 Where calm *Content* expands her balmy wings, 330
 And pitying *Innocence* looks down on *Kings*?
 Let mad *Ambition's* fools contend for state,
 That slipp'ry, tott'ring pinnacle of fate,
 Or set their swelling sail for *popu'lar* fame,
 Charm'd with the whistling of an empty name: 335
 Not such *my* taste! — Be some *retreat* my lot,
 The world forgetting, by the world forgot;
 A tranquil *life*, led, as it were, by stealth;^(a)
 A *state*, too high for want, too low for wealth;
 A *mansion*, not too little nor too great, 340
 Aptly convenient, elegantly neat;

Now

(a) Secretum iter et fallentis Semita vitæ.

HOR.

A *Garden*, not o'erdress'd nor void of grace,
 But planned by the *Genius* of the place ;
 NATURE, the *Mistress*; and the *Handmaid*, ART ;
 Where *Shrubs* and *Evergreens* should claim their part ; 345
 Fair opening *Flow'rs* their od'rous sweets dispense,
 The breath of *Nature* and the feast of *Sense* ;
 A *Ruin* nod ; *Grot* sink ; and *Temple* rise ;
 A GREENHOUSE smile at rude inclement skies ;
 And varying *Prospects* court excursive eyes ; 350
 A winding *River* should this garden bound,
 Strong, tho' not rapid ; clear, altho' profound :
Books should add lustre to the *Morning's* light,
 And *Converse* cheat the tedious *Winter's* night.
 Thus, blest with *sense*^(a) and no ignoble ease,^(b) 355
 I would *steal* down the *vale* of life in peace,
 While *Truth's* and *letter'd Innocence's* rays
 Gild the unruffled evening of my daies ;
 And, when those daies are all in silence pass'd,
 " THY WILL BE DONE, O GOD !" should be my last. 360

(a)

— Precor *integrâ*
Cum mente nec turpem senectam
 Legere, nec citharâ carentem.

HOR.

(b) *Virgil* indeed says, *Florere ignobilis otii*, but I could have wished that when he spoke of himself he had said *nobilis* or *non ignobilis otii*.

Full in the centre^(a) rises to the sight
 CLA'ERTON's high hill, exub'rant with delight.
 A Grove of *fir*-trees clothes it's airy head
 With warmth in *winter*, and in summer shade,
 Where blooming spring, ev'n in December seen, 365
 Braves *Boreas*' fury, clad in evergreen,
 As if it meant from never-fading prime
 To blunt the scythe of all-destructive time.
 As guardian of the scene, a CASTLE stands,
 Whose spiral turrets all the Vale commands, 370
 Where *Art* and *Nature* have so play'd their part,
 For *Nature* too correct, too rude for *Art*,
 Lost in the maze of pleasure and surprize,
 We think 'tis *magic*, and scarce trust our eyes.

Hence

(a) As the Author in a former part of the Poem has taken notice that
 he made *Chatham-Row* the point of view in taking the several landscapes
 herein attempted, he flatters himself the Reader will not be at a loss in
 viewing the prospect here in a proper light.

Hence with what artless beauty NATURE warms, 375

Here solemnly attracts, there gaily charms!

Here vallies sink, *there* hills and woods ascend,

And all in harmony, thro' varying end.

Soon as the Morn unbars the gates of light,

And the shrill *Cock* to labour hinds invite, 380

His bleating flock the simple whistling Clown

Drives from the fold to the close-shaven *Down*;

Beneath the *down* on the hill's shelving side

White-flow'ring Hawthorns fruitful fields divide;

Fields which, if to the vale your view be born, 385

Nod with the waving crops of bearded Corn,

Or with sweet gales refresh the smelling sense,

Which odorif'rous *Cocks of Hay* dispense.

How sweet to see the *Hinds* their work pursue,

All fertile nature ripening to the view! 390

To see the *Mowers* cut the *grafs* or *grain*,

And bend beneath the burthen of the plain,

Till

Till the *Mid-Sun*, to second *Nature's* call,
 Noon marks yon' BATHWICK^(a) *Tower's* tasteless wall;
 Whence warn'd, to some umbrageous tree they haste, 395
 And with content enjoy their poor repaste,
 Whistle a tune, or while their hour away
 With some old tale or rumour of the day.
 Perhaps they sleep, stretch'd in some grassy shade,
 Their arms thrown carelessly around their head; 400
 Here lye their *Viand-scrips* upon the ground,
 There dreams their *Dog*, yet wake'd by ev'ry sound.
 Beneath — the *Meadows*, clothe'd in cowslipp'd green
 And wash'd by *Avon*, fill the varying scene;
 The varying scene *Hills, Woods, Fanes, Villas*, shows,^(b) 405
 While Zephyrs waft the fragrant breath of *Cows*;
To

^(a) *Bathwick* called by the *Britons* *Kaerbradus*, by the *Saxons* *Bath-wic*, names of the same import, and signifying by it's derivation a *Village close to Bath*; an entire and compact Lordship north-east from the city of Bath, the property (formerly) of the *Earl of Essex*, but now of Mr. *Pultney*, as having married the Neice of the *Earl of Bath* who purchased it.

^(b) These furnish an inimitable subject for a Landscape Painter to work upon, if the view be taken from *Chatham-Row*.

To *Cows*' sweet lowing ecchoing hills repeat,
And skipping *Lambs* in pleasing concert bleat.

NEXT SMALL-COMB *Wood* erects its verdant head,
Hangs o'er the dale, and yields a friendly shade 410
When in the *Lion* SOL is mounted high,
And with his fev'rish breath infects the sky,
Varies the scene, and sep'rates CLAE'RTON-hill
From WIDCOMB's *pleasant*,^(b) health-promotive Vill;
WIDCOMB, the TIVOLI^(c) of *British* clime, 415
When the Spring smiles exuberant in it's prime,
Wide opening to your view a splendid feat,^(d)
Large as the *Builder*'s soul, and as his mind compleat:

(b) From it's pleasant situation called, not improperly, *Mount-Pleasant*.

(c) A Hill in *Italy* near *Rome* which is situated like *Widcomb* on the brow of a hill and commands a most beautiful prospect, opening on one side into the *Roman Campania*, and, on the other, to a more broken and interrupted scene made up of an infinite variety of inequalities and shadowings that naturally arise from an agreeable mixture of hills, groves, and vallies: But what heightens the beauty of the scene from *Tivoli* is the river *Tiverrone*, formerly called the ANIO, which throws itself into many cascades of different forms. The Painters often work upon this scene. See HOR. lib. 1, Ode 7.

(d) PRIOR PARK, the gardens belonging to which extend to Widcomb-Church.

Where bounteous *Nature* opens all her store,
 Shoots in the grove or blossoms in the flow'r, 420
 Tunes the sweet *Nightingale's*^(a) enchanting strain,
 Or spreads her verdant carpet o'er the plain,
 Sports in the stream, or blushes in the the rose,
 And ev'ry charm of fair *Creation* flows.

All which the Poets e'er of TEMPE^(b) feign'd 425
 Shines here 'round BATH.—a PARADISE REGAIN'D.

(a) *Prior Park* and the adjacent places, as *Lyncomb*, &c. are particularly noted for great plenty of *Nightingales* annually frequenting them.

(b) Pleasant fields in *Thessaly* thro' which the river PENEUS glides; so remarkably pleasant, that the Poets are supposed to have taken from them the description of their ideal ELYSIAN fields, a place by them represented to be assigned for the habitation of the souls of good men, after they are freed from the body.

TIBULLUS thus describes them:

Hic Chorea Cantusque vigent, passimque vagantes
 Dulce sonant tenui gutture carmen Aves.
 Fert Casiam non culta Seges, totosque per agros
 Floret odoratis terra benigna rosis. L. 1. El. 3.

VIRGIL also paints them thus:

—— Lucis habitamus opacis,
 Riparumque toros, et prata recentia rivis:
 Inter odoratum Lauri nemus; unde supernè
 Plurimus *Eridani* per Silvam volvitur Amnis. Æn. 6.

“ But why must Landscapes, say, engross thy lays?
 “ Are there no higher objects of thy praise,
 “ Lights of the church or sages of the laws,
 “ Or MINISTERS, more worthy thy applause?” 430
 My Muse, no *Pimp* to *Peers*, no *Fool* of State,
 Scorns to pay homage to the *guilty Great*,
 With Flatt’ry’s pencil mimic portraits draw,
 And varnish *Culprits* who defy all law.
 There *was* (I oft have heard it and I find 435
 There was) — a man who *dignified* his kind.
 No *wretch* of *pleasure*, and no slave of ease,
 Wisely he walk’d the smoother path of peace,
 The *good* encourag’d and reclaim’d the *bad*,
 Felt ev’ry worth, for ev’ry worth he had, 440
 All *vice* disdain’d, all luxury withstood,
 All but — the luxury of — DOING GOOD,
 Smooth’d sickness’ bed, soften’d the rising sigh,
 Wipe’d off the guiltless tear from *Mis’ry*’s eye,
 And call’d forth latent Merit into light; 445
 His reward, *Virtue*; *Goodness* his delight.

Fortune

Fortune, but as it *blest's*d, he ne'er enjoy'd;
 The *weak* and *old* he fed, the *strong* employ'd.
 Witness ye *groves*, that shade yon' towring *hills*!
 Ye *wide extending lawns*! Ye gurgling *rills*! 450
 Yon' *Mansion*, where true taste with grandeur meets!
 Witness ye *Squares*, *Parades*, and stately *Streets*,
 CRESCENT and CIRCUS which in ev'ry part
 Surpass ev'n ROME in grandeur, GREECE in art!
 Ask you, from whence those splendid buildings rise? 455
 "From ALLEN's *Quarrs*" each lisping Child replies.
 Such were the living manners of the *Man*!
 Such ALLEN was!——Blush, GRANDEUR, if you *can*!
 O! blush to *murder* time at *cards* and *play*,
 Of *sharking thieves*, who live on spoil, the prey, 460
 Thy *summum-bonum* in the *die* to seek,
 Join *night* to *day*, and *Sabbath* to the week;^(a)

To

(a) Alluding to *certain Clubs* who, in defiance of all law as well as in violation of the *Sabbath*, offer up that day as a sacrifice of their *devotion*, to —— HAZARD.

To pamper *Locusts* spawn'd at ROME or FRANCE,
 Gelt for a Song,^(a) or *shrivell'd* for a dance,^(b)
 To think what trifles numbers might preserve,
 Yet, while YOU *squander* thousands, *hundreds starve!* 465
 Say, when thou see'st the *widow's* heart sunk low,
 Imploring pity in the tears of woe,
 The *heavy head* lift up a feeble eye,
 In silent eloquence, for charity,
 And whom *Misfortune* mark'd out for her own, 470
 On dire Affliction's bed thou hear'st him groan,
 How canst thou riot, or enjoy repose,
 Deaf to their cries, unfeeling of their woes?
 How smile on *vice*, however high and gay,
 And modest, friendless *merit* frown away? 475
Pluck, Pluck, the feathers from thy *Swan-skin*^(c) heart,
 And bare thy *nat'ral blackness* stripp'd of art!

(a) To mention *only two* among the *many Italian Geldings* that are thus maintained by the luxury and profuse extravagance of the great — *Seignior RUZZINI* has 1200l. and *Seignior LOVELTINI* 1000l. salary for the season, besides a benefit to each which almost amounts to the salary.—Not to take notice of a female Singer hired to perform at the *Pantheon* at the moderate price of 100l. a night.

(b) Among whom, Mounfieur *Barcelli* and Mounfieur *Valloola* are notorious instances of the profusion of the Great in the salaries given to them.

(c) White as a *Swan's* feathers are, his skin is black.

Learn what *true greatness* is! 'tis not *estate*,
 Or *pomp*, or *honours*, that can make thee great.
 Tho' mimic rays dart from thy *diamond star*, 480
 Tho' slaves by dozens load thy gilded car,
 Tho' fortune flatter thee with all her store,
 The plume of title, and the blaze of pow'r,
 On *Virtue's* basis only canst thou rise:
 No *real greatness* but in VIRTUE^(a) lies. 485

(a) Nobilitas sola est atque Unica Virtus. Ov. MET.

CANTO

C A N T O III.

BUT BLADUD frowns, that him my Muse displays
 Last object of my Verse, tho' first in Praise;
 Of *Praise the first*, Who more than Man confest
 As *Prophet*,^(a) *King*,^(a) *Philosopher*,^(a) and *Priest*,^(a)
 First call'd BATH into life, first made her great, 490
 Opened her *Springs*, and gave her *regal* state,
 Bad *Temples* rise, bad budding *Science* blow,
 And taught her ductile *rivers* where to flow,
 Bad *social arts* their balmy wings expand,
 And tame the *savage* BRITON into *Man*. 495
 In

^(a) *Bladud*, or (as he was call'd in *Greece*) *Abaris*, by the testimony of *Jamblicus* and *Porphry* appears to have been received in *Greece* as the known PRIEST of *Apollo*; as a PHILOSOPHER, *Suidas* declares him to have been the *Scholar*, *Colleague*, and afterwards *Master* of the *Samian* Philosopher before he went to *Ægypt*; and, as a PROPHEET, *Himerius* says that he was a *searcher after wisdom*; and *Apollonius* tells us that he uttered oracles that were extant at the time of his writing; and as *Jamblicus* informs us, he gave the *Samian* Philosopher a spirit for prognostication, and his answers were looked upon as certain as those of *Apollo Pythius*.

In ancient times liv'd, not unknown to fame,
 BRITAIN'S *eighth* King from BRUTE,^(a) and LUD his name;
 LUD, to whom LONDON all her splendor owes,
 Great BLADUD'S fire, and scourge of *Britain's* foes.
 When NOBLES guide the helm, what mischiefs spring? 500
Kings then are *Subjects*; *Subjects* rule their *King*.
 Else why, at *Nobles'* nod,^(b) an *only child*,
 A *Parent's* joy, a *Nation's* hope, exil'd?
 What! if contagious *Leprosy* o'erspread,
 Foul'd all his veins, and crufted o'er his head, 505
 Were no means left, could no dernier resort
 Be found to guard infection from the court,
 Unless the KING unnat'ral *Tyrant* prov'd,
 And loft the *Father* to the *Son* he lov'd,
 Like *Felon*, doom'd an *exil'd* man to roam, 510
 Far from his dearest friends, his native home?

(a) Brutus gr. grand-son to Æneas } married { Ignoge, daughter of Pandrusus, K. of Greece.
 Locrin
 Maddan
 Menpricius
 Ebraucus
 Brutus
 Leil
 Lud Hudibras
 Bladud. *Camden's Brit.*

(b) In that early Æra of the British Empire the power of a King was meerly ostensible; the power, essential to Empire, was usurped by the *Nobles* or *Barons*; a circumstance which may in some measure account for so despotic an abuse of it as would scarcely admit of credit in these modern times, were not the fact authentically handed down to us.

Hard *was* the sentence, yet 'twas BLADUD's fate,
 BLADUD the *wise*, the *pious*, and the *great* :
 Hard *tho'* the sentence, Hence we're taught to know
 " *What great effects from hidden causes flow ;* 515
 " *That HEAVEN's decrees, (how little understood?)*
 " *Verge to one goal ; their end the gen'ral good.*"
 Had BLADUD shone the GOLDEN CALF of *pow'r*,
 And *blaze'd* in pomp, the *meteor of an hour*,^(a)
 Had Nobles fann'd his ear with FLATT'RY's breath, 520
 Food of the *Fool*, and incense of the *Knave*,
 Would not thy *Springs*, O BATH! run trickling on,
 Like subterraneous streams, *unseen, unknown?*
 Say, would NORTHUMBERLAND to *thee* resort,
 The *Muse's* PATRONESS, the GRACE of *Court*, 525
 Who knows no art, but that *best art* to — PLEASE,
Polite with *dignity*, — *magnificent* with *ease?*
 Would ANCASTER within *thy* walls be seen,
 Pride of her sex and fav'rite of her *Queen?*

(a) Alluding to the *Court-Levee* daies which generally take up the attendance of an *hour*.

Would BERTIE^(a) figure in *thy* COTILLON, 530
 And in *thy* MINUETS sail stately on,
 Sail as the soul-dissolving numbers move,
 And musically swim the maze of love,
 Who looks a *Goddeſs*, and who moves a *Queen*,
Heav'n in her eye, and *Majeſty* in her mein? 535
 Ah! no — *thy* ſcenes would not have ſtood confeſt
 The zone of *pleaſure*, and the *ſeat* of *taſte*,
 But, loſt to fame, a vill obſcure thou' haſt grown,
 The world unknowing, to the world unknown.

A *Prince* no more, but victim to diſgrace, 540
 Exil'd from Court, he roam'd from place to place;
 In *gold* and *purple* now no longer dreſt,
 He chang'd the *Prince's* for a *Swine-herd's* veſt,
 His Squires, his arms, and equipage forſook,
 And funk the *royal* in the *ruſtick* look, 545
 Thus veil'd in falſe attire and borrow'd name,
 The baniſh'd BLADUD unto *Keynſham*^(b) came.

(a) Lady *Prifcilla Bertie*, eldeſt daughter of his Grace of *Ancaſter*.

(b) A Village about fix miles from *Bath* in the road to *Briſtol*, diſtinguiſhed in former times for it's famous *Monaſtery*, but now remarkable for nothing more than it's having been an ancient ſeat of the family of BRIDGES, the preſent poſſeſſor of which is the *Duke of CHANDOIS*.

It chanc'd, (so fame records!) a neighb'ring *Hind*
 Wanted a servant to attend his *Swine* ;
 BLADUD, whose looks dissembled want confess'd, 550
 With trembling awe the haughty *Hind* address'd,
 And ask'd, nor ask'd in vain, the *bristly* care ;
 Expressive nods the *Hind*'s assent declare,
 Now to the *stubble-fields* our *Swine-herd* roves,
 Now seeks the *Beechen*, now the *Oaken* groves, 555
 Where his new charge may find the best repast,
 And fatten on their all-nutritious *mast*.

O frail inconstancy of mortal state,
This hour dejected, and the next elate!
 Now smiling pleasures with fair charms invite ; 560
 Now frowning horrors with dark clouds arise.

Lost on the *Rocks* and *Quicksands* of the *Court*
 The Shipwreck'd BLADUD roam'd without support,
 But, now content with what his labour gave,
 And wanting nothing, nothing did he crave. 565
 When lo! — the *murrain* rage'd.—Tho' much he strove,
 Infection mock'd his pains, and seiz'd the *Drove*.

Nor

Nor this the worst — He mis'd a straggling Sow,
 And knew not where to fly, nor what to do ;
 Now rais'd by *hope*, and now by *fear* deprest, 570
 The diff'rent passions rack'd his tortur'd breast,
 Till *fears* of ruin all his hopes controul,
 And *Fancy* triumphs o'er the reas'ning soul.
 Long had he fought the Sow, but fought in vain,
 Till at the foot of a low sedgy plain, 575
 Pregnant with springs and overgrown with briar,
 He saw the straggler wallowing in the mire ;
 But, tho' he saw her, doubts his mind annoy,
 And check the wild effusion of his joy.
 The Sow, he *saw*, was found and clean all o'er, 580
 No *livid spots* — no *scurf* — no *running sore* ;
 The Sow, he *lost*, was one continued surf
 Of *livid spots* — of *running sores*, and *scurf* :
 But the *herd-mark* identified the Sow,
 And all his *doubts*, his *fears*, and *anguish* flew : 585

Joy

Joy sparkled in his eyes: — awhile he stood
 Amaz'd, then cried: " Say, whence this partial good?
 " This undeserv'd success? Was it from *Heav'n*?
 " IT MUST BE SO — by great APOLLO giv'n.
 " But, if to *nat'ral* cause this cure we owe, 590
 " And such the' effects which from these waters flow,
 " Why may not *I* be cur'd, — the case the same?"
 He said — he stripp'd — and plung'd into the stream:
 The *healing Stream*, propitious to his pray'r,
 Cur'd his disease, and, with it, his despair.^(a) 595

No longer he appear'd to vulgar eyes
 The humble *Swine-herd* in a mean disguise,
 But own'd himself the PRINCE: — The *Master* star'd
 Aghast, — incredulous to what he heard;

G

And

(a) Ridiculous as the wit of *Wilmot E. of Rochester* in the reign of *Car. 2d.* and afterwards the low buffoonery of *Powell* the Puppet-show-man, made the origin of *Bath-Waters* as herein-mentioned to appear in the opinion of little narrow-sighted minds; to vindicate our relation from the imputation of improbability, such *farcical fertile* suggestions, as were by them thrown out, cannot weigh a single grain in the judgment of any candid ingenious persons if they will but recollect that *Charles the Great* found out the waters of *Aix-la-Chapelle* by the head of his horse when he was hunting, as related by *Monseur Blundell*;---That the *Thermæ Porceanæ* were discovered by the *Pigs* coming down from the neighbouring mountains;---And that, when *Aeneas* fled from *Troy* and embarked in quest of a new place of settlement, he no sooner landed in *Italy*, than a *White Sow* he was about to offer up a sacrifice, to know his future destiny, escaped the sacrificer's hands, ran away, and led the hero to the place destined for him, and that he built the famous city of *Lavinium* from the name of his *Italian* wife *Lavinia*: An account which stands recorded by those famous historians, *Dionysius Helicarnassius* and *Titus Livius*.

And thus he spoke: "What *Phrenzy* seiz'd thee, swain? 600
 "Romantick dream of a distemper'd brain!
 "My slave, the PRINCE? Can the GODS tamely bear
 "This arrogance? — Hence to thy *bristly* care,
 "Reptile of clay! Thou proud conceited *Elf*!
 "There learn that nobler lesson — KNOW THY SELF!" 605
 Deaf to the voice of obloquy and heat,
 Nobly unruffled, and serenely great,
 Superior to resentment he look'd down
 With gen'rous pity on his *Master's* frown,
 And judg'd, — if to his share some errors fall, 610
 That *Friendship* in distress absolv'd them all.

At Court, — by storms on *Life's* rough ocean tost,
 The *exil'd* BLADUD was giv'n o'er for lost:
 But he with steady helm had learn'd to steer,
 By Virtue taught an equal course to bear 615 }
 'Twixt *too rash hope* and *too desponding fear*,
 The SCYLLA and CHARYBDIS of Man's state,
 Which drive *Life's* vessel on the rocks of Fate:
 And now, assisted by a friendly gale
 That fresh'ning sprang and fill'd his swelling sail, 620
 JUSTICE, his *pilot*; TRUTH, his *beacon-light*;
 He made the long-lost, wish'd-for harbour right.

Arriv'd

Arriv'd — the PRINCE now hasten'd to the Court;
 Disguis'd his dress, and rustick was his port.
 'Twas on a publick day, a splendid feast; 625
Lux'ry the table spread, the sideboard *taste*,
 With all *expence* could purchase, *art* refine;
 When, as at dinner the QUEEN ask'd for wine,
 A *ring* thro' the transparent liquor shone:
 Loud scream'd the QUEEN; *Where's Bladud? where's my son?* 630
 Full well the *ring* by certain marks she knew;
 The same she gave him with her last *adieu*.
 Quick as the lightning shoots along the air,
 BLADUD, the exil'd BLADUD, answer'd, " HERE:"
 The' astonish'd Court were lost in wild surprize, 635
 And, tho' they saw him, scarce believ'd their eyes.
 What joy, what rapt'rous blifs, his presence gave,
 Words can't exprefs, nor can the mind conceive.

But some there were, who, watchful to destroy,
 Pin'd at the *Prince's* blifs, the *Parent's* joy:
 Pale livid *envy* all their mind possess'd
 With pois'nous gall, — *distressing* and *distrest*;
 The *Prince's* merit but inflam'd their smart,
 Boil'd in their veins, and rankell'd in their heart.

This

This the *Prince* saw, and long his grief conceal'd, 645
 Till, what his tongue suppress'd, his locks reveal'd.
 Thus, tho' thick clouds obscure the *sun's* bright ray,
 As if they strove to veil the face of day,
 His stronger beams whiten the trail of light,
 And glitter thro' those seeming shades of night. 650
 When thus the KING: "What means that inward woe,
 "That cloud which lowring hangs upon thy brow?
 "Unveil thy hidden thoughts! Speak ev'ry want!
 "Thou canst not wish, what I'd refuse to grant.
 "Tis thine, my SON, to ask; 'tis mine, to' oblige." 655
 BLADUD to this replied: "My sacred Liege!
 "Illustrious Parent! Since you don't disown
 "The name of *Parent*, grant your *Son* this boon!
 "A thirst for arts and wisdom has possess'd
 "My active soul, and fir'd my genial breast; 660
 "Fir'd it with science to enlarge the soul,
 "And waft it's eagle wings from pole to pole.
 "Fame's not a plant of indolent repose;
 "On sluggish soil the Laurel never grows.
 "Unpolish'd or by arts or manners mild, 665
 "ROME once, like BRITAIN, was a forest wild;
 "Nought

“ Nought to be seen, but *savage* — *wood* — and *skies*;
 “ Nought to be heard, but *barb'rous* — *warlike* cries,
 “ Till arts and manners social life refin'd
 “ With all the exertions of the enlighten'd mind; 670
 “ Then *Fame* and *Glory* held the reins of state;
 “ Then ROME, the mistress of the world, grew great.
 “ Long have I wish'd to travel, tho' with toil,
 “ And pluck the fairest fruits from ATHENS'^(a) foil,
 “ Transplant to BRITAIN what in GREECE is known, 675
 “ And make the learning of past times *my own*;
 “ GREECE, — to whom *Fame* has giv'n the palm of art,
 “ And all the shining pow'rs of head and heart.”
 “ BE IT SO !” Rejoin'd the KING. — Joy now possess'd
 And lighten'd all the burthen of his breast. 680
 Far from his breast flew ev'ry pining care,
 And meagre *envy* sicken'd with despair.

For

(a) A famous City and University in *Greece*. CICERO calls it the “ *In-
 ventory of all Learning* :” And, speaking of it in another part of his works,
 says, “ *from whence humanity, politeness, learning, and laws first sprang* :”
 So very famous for learning that *Juvenal* (Sat. 15. v. 110) hath emphati-
 cally put this city for *learning itself*.

For ATHENS soon^(a) embark'd the royal youth
 In search of knowledge thro' the paths of truth,
 Where fraught with wisdom blooming SCIENCE rov'd, 685
 By Nature dictated, by Art improv'd,
 Harangue'd in Schools, or studied in retreat,
 In ARISTOTLE'S^(b) walk or EPICURUS'^(c) feat; Or,

(a) This happened (as *Eusebius* writes in the 54th Olympiad) in or about the year 560 before Christ; where (as recorded by the Author of *Bathos Ayde*) he studied eleven years.

(b) ARISTOTLE the most eminent of *Plato's* scholars, whose Academy was called the *Lyceum*, whence, from a custom which he and his followers observed of teaching and disputing as they walked in the porticos of the place, they obtained the name of the *Peripateticks* or walking Philosophers: They placed the *summum-bonum* or chief happiness of man in VIRTUE with a competency of external goods; and taught the existence of a God,—a providence,—the immortality of the soul, and a future state of rewards and punishments.

(c) EPICURUS, a great natural and moral Philosopher, scholar to *Xenocrates* and *Aristotle*, and a sober temperate man; who placed the *summum-bonum* in the TRANQUILLITY OF THE MIND; a sense in which *Seneca* rightly takes his *εὐδαιμόνεια*: But, as that word in the Greek language signifies as well *lætitia animi* as *æquanimitas*, many of his scholars construed it in the sense which co-incided most with their naturally vicious appetites, and fell into those excesses that disgraced the sect; a misconception and misconduct which gave birth to that character in the English language which is term'd an *Epicure*, or a man given wholly to luxury. Hence *Lucretius* (5. 50) cries out:

Ocæcos hominum mores! O Pectora cæca!

For the *Philosophers* of this sect were noble enquirers into the works of nature, free from passion and prejudice, and of strict morals, endeavouring after happiness by acquiring a settled tranquility of mind. See *Epicurus's* letter to *Meneceus* 2 vol. of S. Duke of Buckingham.

Or, more enlarg'd, survey'd the worldly stage,
 Of *peace*, the temper; or, of *war*, the rage; 690
 From *vice* and *luxury* what ruin springs;
 What devastation from the *pride* of *Kings*;
 What *impars sibi* the same men disgrace,
 As statesmen *in* and statesmen *out* of place.
 His taste, for *taste* was his, was there to find 695
 All that could *grace*, *instruct*, and *bless* mankind;
 Could BRITAIN make in arms or arts renown'd;
 In *peace*, with trade; in *war*, with laurels crown'd.
 He cull'd each flower, rifled *science*' store,
 And homeward, like the knowing Merchant, bore 700
 The choicest wares from ev'ry foreign shore. }
 Old THAMES^(a) THUS, like our *Trav'ler*, at his source
 A *scanty streamlet*, shapes his winding course,
 And, as it winds, collects his watry stores
 From *Lodden*,^(b) *Kennet*,^(b) *Cole*,^(b) and *Darent's* shores,^(b) 705
 Swells to a river, rushing foams away,
 And pours in tides his tribute to the sea. His

(a) The *Thames* is compounded of two rivers, *Tame* and *Ifis*, tho' the latter of these is called *Thames* before it's conjunction with the former; the *Tame* rises in *Bucks* somewhat beyond *Tame*, and the other in *Cotswold-hills* near *Kemble* in *Glocestershire*; they meet about *Dorchester* in *Oxfordshire*.

(b) Rivers that empt themselves into the *Thames*, betwixt the spring-head and the sea.

His mind enrich'd, BLADUD return'd from Greece,
 A treasure far surpassing JASON's^(a) *fleece.*
 Hence BRITAIN gave a gen'ral loose to joy; 710
Feasting and sports their every hour employ;
 Inspir'd by gratitude, and rais'd by wine,
 Their voices in promiscuous Io's join;
 Promiscuous Io's ecchoing hills resound,
 And slaughter'd victims tinge the hallow'd ground. 715
 But ah! — with equal force relentless FATE
 Knocks at the *Monarch's* and the *Beggar's* gate,^(b)
 ALL — ALL must die. LUD now resign'd his breath,
 And he, who conquer'd millions, yields to *Death.*

^(a) *Jason* who went, attended by many nobles, the flower of all *Thessaly*,
 to *Colchos* to bring away the *Golden-fleece* that was guarded by wild *brazen-*
footed Bulls and a *Dragon*, which he accomplished thro' the assistance of
Medea, (the King's daughter) who fell in love with *Jason*, and instructed
 him how to tame the *Bulls* and lay the *Dragon* a-sleep.

^(b) *Pallida Mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernis*
Regumque tueres.

HOR. lib. 1. Od. 4.

Now BLADUD took the reins of *regal* state, 720
 No *Minion's* slave, no *Cypher* in retreat;
 Lord of *himself* and of his people's *hearts*,
 He wake'd their souls to draw the breath of arts,
 (Unblemish'd handmaids of their mistress — TASTE,
 In all the elegance of beauty dress'd!) 725
 Pierc'd the thick clouds that had obscur'd their mind
 With *Science's* rays, and all their waies refin'd;
 Bad *Commerce* smile, and *sweet Contentment* dwell,
 Unaw'd by pow'r, in palace and in cell;
 Built spacious *Baths* where er't his cure he gain'd, 730
 Clean'd out their source, their fugitive streams restrain'd,
 And gave them, what transcends all INDIA's wealth,
 From tepid Springs to pour the balm of HEALTH;
 In all supreme, in ev'ry scene compleat,
 He made his PEOPLE *virtuous, happy, great.* 735
 THUS some rude trees in flow'rs' luxuriant smile
 Waste their vain sap, ungrateful to the foil,
 Till Art's wise hand, with kind corrective care,
 Prune their gay pride, and bid the branches bear;

H

Then

Then *fruits* and *flow'rs* promiscuously abound, 740
 Teem from the stroke, and blossom from the wound.

Alas!—How short-liv'd sublunary joys!
 This hour but gives us what the *next* destroys.
 What pen can paint, what pow'ful language tell
 The fatal loss which BRITAIN now befell? 745
 Far, far too faint the pow'rs of Language are;
 Language, that *tintless pencil* of despair.
 On *Eagle's*^(a) wings he strove thro' air to soar,
 And fell, like ICARUS,^(b) to rise no more:

Fell

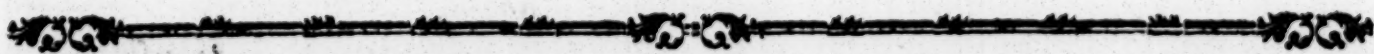
(a) The wings with which he flew, and the feathers with which he decked himself on such occasions, were those of an *Eagle*, from which circumstance he is called AQUILA in *Jeffery* of Monmouth's translation of the *British History*.

(b) From whose flight the *Icarian Sea* took its name; for flying from *Crete* too near the sun, the wax that held the feathers of the wings in their proper places melted, and *Icarus* fell into the sea, and thereby gave to it the name above-mentioned.

Fell on that *Fane* RELIGION bad him raise 750
 To SOL, celestial idol of his praise;^(a)
To rise no more but in FAME's balmy breath;
 A MONARCH, WORTHY OF A NOBLER DEATH.

(a) *Dr. Gale*, in his Commentary on *Antoninus's Itinerary*, says, that "BLADUD had a temple in the city of *New-Troy*," which Tradition declares to have stood upon *Solsbury-hill*; and *Mr. Statyre* tells us, in his *Palæ Albion* published in the year 1619, that "King BLADUD decked himself with feathers at *Bath*, and, endeavouring to fly, broke his neck on the temple he had there built for APOLLO." This happened 463 years before CHRIST, after a reign of 20 years.

F I N I S.



E R R A T A.

Line 130. *Vale* should have been in *Italic*.

138. for *the* read *they*.

Page 27. Note (a) for *Legere* read *Degere*.

Line 364. *Winter* should have been in *Italic*.

378. read *tho' varying, end*.

468. for *heavy* read *hoary*.

It was on that same morning that his wife
To God, celestial Lord of Hosts,
To the no more but in his holy breath;
A Monarch worthy of a nobler death.

(c) Dr. C. in his Commentary on the Ministry of the
Church had a chapter in the city of Worcester, which Tradition de-
clares to have been upon Safford-hill; and Mr. Safford tells us, in his
Plea, which published in the year 1697, that "King Brand's deeded
himself with feathers as B. and, endeavouring to fly, broke his neck
"on the temple he had there built a - Altar." This happened 463
years before Christ, after a reign of 20 years.

E R A T A

Line 130. The should have been in the
131. for the read the
Page 27. Note (a) for I gave read I gave
Line 304. Winter should have been in the
305. read the wing, and
306. the day read day

